

THE BEACON



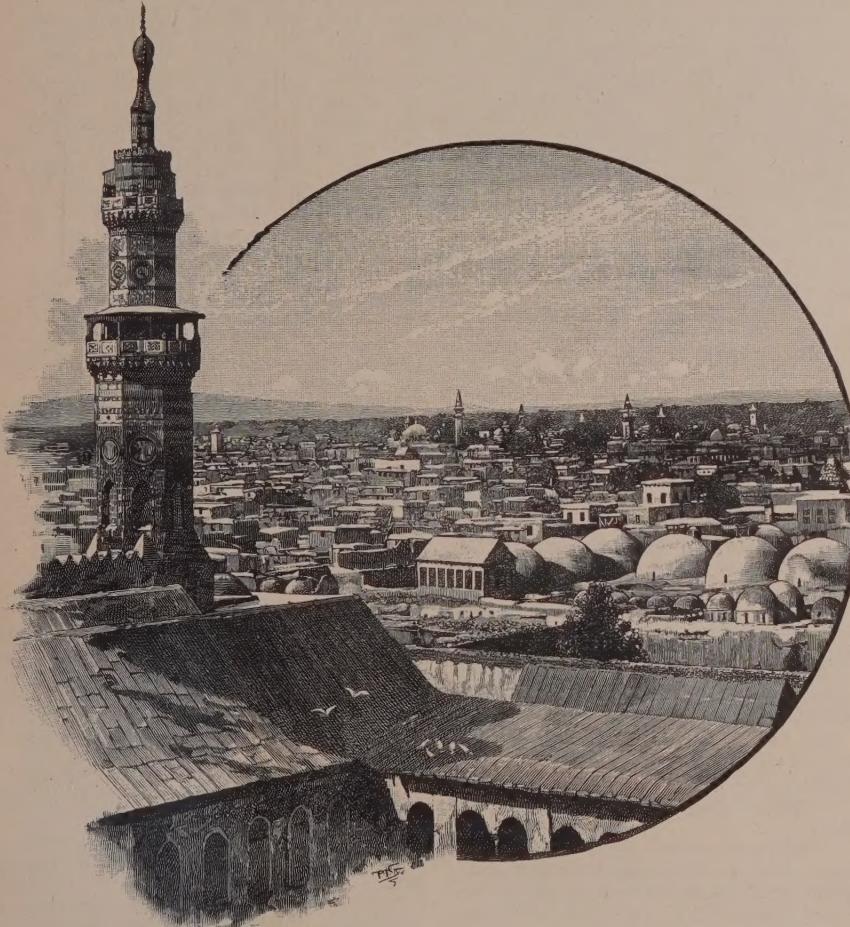
A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



VOLUME I.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1910

NUMBER 9



DAMASCUS.

Why the Tea-kettle Boiled Over.

"Just hear the tea-kettle," said a little iron frying-pan to its friend, the stove. "Did you ever hear such a noise?"

"No," answered the stove, angrily, "I never did. What is the matter with you, you noisy tea-kettle?"

"Why," bubbled the tea-kettle. "I am trying to let the cook know that I ought to be taken off. I am boiling as hard as I can, and, if she doesn't come quickly and take me off, I am afraid I shall boil all over you, and then cook will have to black you again."

"I don't know why you need to boil over on me," answered the stove. "You do that

almost every day, and I don't like it, I'd have you know."

"Well," replied the tea-kettle, "I don't want to boil over, but I can't help it. The cook fills me too full. She doesn't seem to know that hot water needs more room than cold water. So, as she fills me full of cold water, of course when the water begins to boil it comes out, and I can't help it. You should blame the cook, not me."

"Well, rattle away, then, as loudly as you please," said the stove. "Perhaps the cook will hear you if you make noise enough."

And sure enough she did hear, and came running in to take off the tea-kettle, saying: "There! I wish I knew what makes that tea-kettle always boil over." But the tea-kettle didn't say a single word more.

November.

Trees bare and brown,
Dry leaves everywhere,
Dancing up and down,
Whirling through the air.

Red-cheeked apples roasted,
Popcorn almost done,
Toes and chestnuts toasted,
That's November fun.

Selected.

For The Beacon.

The Fisherman's Prize.

BY THE ARTIST.

I had watched him for some time, this fisher-boy of three, as he sat in the shade of the shanty-boat. With the ordinary stick for a pole and string for a line, he sat patiently watching his bobber rise and fall as the little waves broke upon the shore. What matter that the bobber refused to stay where cast, but instead came lazily back to dance in the water at his feet? Hadn't he often seen dead fish on shore? And might not a real, live fish smell his big worm?

I sketched in the opposite island and touched upon the sail of the little pleasure craft, working slowly, lovingly, trying to breathe into it the atmosphere of the morning. Still the little fellow was there, in the same position, back slightly bent, toes curled into the sand, stick held, oh, so still! Wondering, I turned back to my work, to deepen the blue of the sky, such a blue as the eyes of my fisher-boy.

Suddenly a quick shriek made me drop my brushes. The little fisherman was dancing about gleefully, peering into a rusted tin can. To his cries of "I caught a fish," some half-dozen little fishermen appeared from the other side of the shanty-boat. Each in turn glanced into the can, only to turn away in disgust.

By the time I reached the group, tears threatened to dissolve my boy. Appealingly he turned to me:

"I know I caught a fish. It's in this can."

Muddy water was all that rewarded my searching gaze.

"Let's empty it," came the happy thought.

Slowly he inclined the can, letting the water trickle through his fingers. Handful after handful slipped out, but not even the tail of the fish could be seen. With hope almost gone he dripped out the last bit; and there, squirming, lay a tiny, helpless minnow, my fisherman's prize!

Ready to do God's Will.

Ready to go, ready to wait,
Ready a gap to fill;
Ready for service, small or great,
Ready to do His will.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

For The Beacon.

Henry's Discovery.

BY INEZ DEJARNATT COOPER.

Henry was a kind little fellow, but apt to think that his playmates were trying to harm him. One fall, when at his grandfather's, he gathered a lot of hickory nuts and spread them on the roof of the back porch to dry. Every day he missed a few, and he began to think that his playmates had taken them.

"I don't know why they need be so mean," he complained, "for they are as able to gather nuts as I am; and, besides, I will have to go back to the city soon, and this is my only chance."

"It must be Nicholas Conner," he concluded; but he did not tell his mother, for Nicholas was a great favorite at his grandfather's, and, besides, his mother had often corrected him for suspecting and finding fault with his playmates.

"Unless you know for certain that a boy has wronged you," his mother would say, "try not to think worse of him than you would have him think of you; for surely you would not think of doing some of the things of which you accuse others."

So Henry decided that he would keep the matter to himself, and, when he had fairly caught Nicholas, he would prove to his mother that he was right. Every day he watched him closely, but could find out nothing, although his store of nuts was fast dwindling. He gathered all he could after school, but his pile grew scarcely any and Nicholas's store was surely increased. Of this he was certain; for, when he had been sent to Mr. Conner's on an errand, he saw in the barn a great heap of nuts, which the hired man told him belonged to Nicholas.

So he watched early and late; and at last, one morning just at dawn, he was awakened by a noise on the roof, on which his window opened. Quickly sliding from his bed he crept to the window. He could hear the scraping of the nuts, and he hardly dared to move for fear of frightening Nicholas away before he was caught. Would he tell the thief now what he thought of him, or wait and expose him before the boys at school?

Slowly and softly he crept to the window; and, when he raised his head to see above the sill, he paused astonished. The thief was there before his eyes,—two of them, in fact,—and both had sharp black eyes and long, bushy tails.

Henry felt his cheeks burning as the little rascals, on seeing him, scampered away and up the great elm which stood near the house.

"If you had been a country boy, you would have known about it," said Frank Eaton, when Henry told him about it. "Why didn't you tell some of us fellows when you began to miss them?"

Henry did not answer, for he was ashamed to tell that he thought that Nicholas had taken his nuts. But he told his mother that day and promised that he would be more careful in the future.

Nicholas never knew of Henry's suspicions, but noticed Henry was specially kind to him.

For the Beacon.

Little Boy in the Garden.

BY GERTRUDE W. FIELDER.

Once there was a little boy, and he went into the garden to play.

It was a beautiful garden, a *very* beautiful garden; for the roses—red, pink, yellow, and white—were all in bloom, and, as there had just been a shower, every petal and leaf was glistening with raindrops. Oh, how these drops did glisten, for Mr. Sun beamed right down upon the garden and turned the drops into shining jewels!

Little Boy stopped at a juniper tree to look at a leaf that was all curled up so very, very funny. Just as he put out one tiny finger, the leaf uncurled, and out walked a handsome brown and yellow worm.

"Why-ee," said Little Boy, "what were you in there for?"

"To keep dry," answered the worm. "I have on my new coat, how do you like it?"

"It is very pretty," answered Little Boy.

"That shower came just in time to save my life," said the worm, as he drank the drops that rested on a leaf; then he curled himself round on the underside of a leaf out of the sun, and went to sleep.

Just then a beautiful, black-winged butterfly with blue and gold spots, came sailing through the air. First he alighted right on Little Boy's hand, then he flew onto a leaf of the juniper tree, and commenced to drink a raindrop.

"I fink," said Little Boy, "that this tree belongs to that worm, he's fast asleep just now, but"—

"Oh, we share everything in this garden," said the butterfly. "How we would suffer without these refreshing showers!" Then he sailed away, away up toward the blue sky.

"I wish everyfing wouldn't go to sleep or fly away," sighed Little Boy, as he walked down the path.

What was that? Why, a scarlet-coated bird taking a bath in a hollow log. Little Boy sat down on the grass to watch him.

Oh, how he was enjoying himself, flirting his tiny wings and sending the water in showers over him!

"Where's your towel?" inquired Little Boy.

"Wait and you will see," answered the bird. Then he shook himself so hard that a lot of drops struck Little Boy right on the nose. Then with his right foot he combed out his right wing, then with his left foot he combed out his left wing; with his tiny bill he preened the downy feathers of his waist-coat.

"Now, how do I look?" he asked, as he cocked one bright eye at Little Boy. "As good as new?"

"Yes," giggled Little Boy. "I wish I was a bird!"

Then the birdie took a drink. "Oh, how good that was!" said he. Then he flew into a near-by tree and poured out his thanks in song.

"Oh, dear," said Little Boy, "jes' as we're getting 'quainted, they all go 'way." So saying, he got up from the grass and wandered farther down the path.

What was that coming toward him? On it came, hoppy, hoppy, hop. In color it was a dark green, slightly mottled with black.

"Halloo," said Little Boy.

"Halloo," said froggy.

"Where are you going?" asked Little Boy, as he followed on after the frog.

"To the swimming pool," answered the frog. "Want to come?"

"Yes," said Little Boy.

"You see," said the frog, "it has been awful dry; but now this shower has filled up the fountain, so we are going to have some fun."

Sure enough, the basin around the fountain was full to overflowing, and around it were gathered frogs of every size.

"Hurry, hurry," they all cried, as they saw the frog coming with Little Boy.

Then what a jolly time those froggies had. They dove from the rim of the basin; they swam races; and all the time they played they sang, "Burrr, burrr, burrr." The big ones sang bass, and the little ones sang treble. "We sing because we are so thankful for the shower," explained the frogs to Little Boy. But long before Little Boy grew tired of watching the merry capers of the frogs they said, "Good-bye," and hopped away, hoppy, hoppy, hop.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz," sounded in Little Boy's ear, and there was a great, fat bumblebee circling about his head.

Little Boy was not afraid, everything in the garden was friendly toward him. "Where did you come from?" he asked.

"Right out of the red rose behind you," said the bumble-bee. "I am going to get a drink of water now."

"Where are you going to get it?" asked Little Boy.

"You'll see," answered the bee. In and out of first one flower and then another he went, until in the cup of a lily he found a raindrop which he drank,—then off he flew with a "Buzz, buzz, buzz."

"Sweetheart, where are you?" called a voice.

"Here I am, muvver," answered Little Boy, running to meet his little mamma, who was all in white, even to a bunch of roses at her belt.

"Are you all alone, darling?"

"There are only me," said Little Boy, "everyfing crawls or flies or hops or buzzes away."

"It is time to go and meet father," laughed Little Boy's little mamma; and, as they walked along the shady country road, Little Boy told his mamma about the worm and the butterfly, the bird, the frogs, and the bumblebee.

Then Little Boy's little mamma bent down and kissed him. "Aren't you sorry you were such a cross Little Boy this morning when it was raining?" she asked. "Just suppose it had not rained, what would the worm and the butterfly, the bird and the froggies and the bumble-bee have done?"

"Muvver, I'm not going to be naughty ever again when it rains," declared Little Boy, with a decided shake of his yellow curls.

"I am glad my Little Boy had a nap in the garden," said mamma.

Filial Repartee.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was always distressed for money, was one day hacking his face with a dull razor when he turned to his eldest son and said:

"Tom, if you open any more oysters with my razor, I'll cut you off with a shilling."

"Very well, father," said Tom, "but where will you get the shilling?"

For the Beacon.

Mistress Poppy.

BY ANNA C. HALL.

The poppy that grew in the garden border waked up with the sun, one morning.

"Certainly," she said to herself, "King Sun regards me with favor great. I notice he shines upon me first of all." She tossed her red-plumed bonnet very proudly, and looked about to see if any one was noticing her.

"Good morning, Mistress Rose," she said, quite condescendingly, to the flower that grew close beside her. "You are certainly looking your loveliest this morning. You and I," she continued airily, "are partial to the same color, though I fancy my bonnet is a trifle more brilliant than yours."

The rose inclined her beautiful head ever so slightly, but made no other response. Still the poppy chattered on.

"Madam Lily thinks herself very fine in her white dress. Just see how high she holds her head! For my part I never could abide white. I am sure the gardener thinks as I do, for he has so many red blossoms."

For the first time that morning Mistress Poppy glanced down at the garden bed.

"Mercy!" she shrieked, "what is growing right around my feet? A wretched weed! How did you come to be here? Go out in the road and crawl about, you have no business in a fine place like this! I shall speak to the gardener about it. Here he comes now, and some fine folks with him. Now we will have justice done."

She stood very stiff and straight, her haughty head high up in the air, as the visitors moved slowly down the walk and came to a halt beside her. A white-haired gentleman, stooping, brushed the poppy's leaves unceremoniously aside, while he examined the little plant at her feet.

"Gardener, isn't this a seedling dahlia? A cactus, no doubt."

"It certainly is," answered the gardener, after a close, keen look.

"Pull up the poppy, then, and give this little stranger room to grow," said the first speaker. "Or, no," he added, as the gardener stooped to do his bidding: "plant it in the far corner of the garden among those daisies there."

"Pride must have a fall," said Mother Robin to her gaping brood, as the poppy was carried off. "See to it that you do not hold your heads too high, or you may tumble out of the nest."

"Twit, twit," said the little birds. All of which means, in bird language, "Yes, yes."

As for the Great King Sun, he never so much as noticed that Mistress Poppy was gone, but smiled on the little intruder as kindly as possible, until it grew into a splendid plant that outshone the poppy as far as sunlight does the silver of the stars.

Our times of greatest pleasure are when we have won some higher peak of difficulty, trodden under foot some evil, and felt, day by day, so sure of a growth of moral strength within us that we cannot conceive of an end of growth.

STOPFORD BROOKE.



JULIA WARD HOWE.

The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal";
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet,—
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

The greatest gift for which we may give thanks is that we, too, may become givers to our fellow-men.

The Last Days of Autumn.

Now hath the mildness of the autumn day
Been angered into rude, tempestuous wrath;
The shuddering leaves lie thickly in the path,
And over all the sky bends dark and gray.
The winter's frozen touch, in wanton play,
Thrilled all the air to virtuous dissent,
And bowed the trees as if they sought to pray
For mercy in their sad bewilderment.
Strange is the spell upon November cast,
When from the north the Ice King bellows down,
Armed for the fray with narrow chilling blast—
Clad in white robes and shrouded in his frown.

Metropolitan Magazine.

The Pony Engine.

Once upon a time a little freight car loaded with coal stood on the track in a coal yard.

The little freight car waited for an engine to pull it up the hill and over the hill and down the hill on the other side.

Over the hill in the valley people needed the coal on the little freight car to keep them warm.

By and by a great big engine came along, the smokestack puffing smoke and the bell ringing, "Ding! Ding! Ding!"

"Oh, stop! Please stop, big engine!" said the little freight car. "Pull me up the hill and over the hill and down the hill, to the people in the valley on the other side."

But the big engine said, "I can't, I'm too busy." And away it went,—Choo! Choo! Choo! Choo!

The little freight car waited again a long time till a smaller engine came puffing by.

"Oh, stop! dear engine, please stop!" said the little freight car. But the engine puffed a big puff and said, "I can't, you're too heavy." Then away it went, too,—Choo! Choo! Choo!

"Oh, dear!" said the little freight car, "what shall I do? The people in the valley on the other side will be so cold without any coal."

After a very long time a little pony engine came along, puffing just as hard as a little engine could.

"Oh, stop! dear engine, please stop and take me up the hill and over the hill and down the hill, to the people on the other side," said the patient little freight car.

The pony engine stopped right away and said: "You're very heavy and I'm not very big, but I think I can. I'll try. Hitch on!"

All the way up the hill the pony engine kept saying, "I think I can, I think I can, I think I can!" quite fast at first.

Then the hill was steeper, the pony engine had to pull harder, but it kept saying: "I think—I—can! I—th—ink—I—c—a—n!" till it reached the very top with a long puff—"Sh-s-s-s-s!" It was easy to go down the hill on the other side.

Away went the happy little pony engine saying very fast, "I thought I could! I thought I could! I thought I could!"

For the Beacon.

Lamps and Love.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

Four summers ago I spent my vacation with my family on Grindstone Island, one of the larger islands in Big Rideau Lake, Canada. From our cottage across to the mainland, where were the stores and the post-office, was about three miles, most of the way across the open lake.

A favorite time for going for supplies and our mail was just at sunset, when we rowed or paddled down a glorious sunset path to the little town. The return was almost equally romantic and interesting, for frequently it was so dark that it was almost impossible to see in which direction to go.

On one night, I remember, it was very dark, indeed. As we paddled around the point and headed into the open lake, the islands were just a big blur ahead. After a little while it became a mere guess as to the direction in which we should steer.

Just when it seemed most uncertain, a bright light suddenly gleamed out of the blur. It had never appeared at that point before. Something seemed to say that it was meant for us, and paddling towards it we found, sure enough, that some one had lighted a lamp and placed it on our dock, where it cast its rays far out over the water. And always, after that, when the night was dark, there was the bright light gleaming its direction and its welcome.

Love is a lamp that guides and guards. Or, perhaps, it would be better to say that love has many lamps that she lights and places where they will direct to safety and happiness. And upon the lighting of the lamps of love depends the welfare of men and women everywhere.

There are lamps of love that are lighted for you. In the windows of your home they are gleaming, beckoning you away from the dangers of the street. You are not wise to disobey their warning and their welcome. They have been lighted by love, and love never makes a mistake; but you will, if you do not let them direct your way.

In the darkest night of your life, when everything seems just a great black blur of unhappiness and uncertainty, there is always a lamp of love burning for you. See if you cannot find it; for always it is there, and always will guide you to where the blur changes to brightness.

But there is something very much more important to say about the lamps of love. Not only are they burning for you, but it is your duty to light them for others. Unless you do this, you are not worthy of the love that gleams out its light for you. This is the greatest duty of life.

There are so many dark places that need to be lighted. There are so many people groping their way in the darkness, looking for some sign that will give them courage and information concerning the right. There are so many boys and girls who wander away and are lost just because other boys and girls do not light for them the lamps of love.

Did you ever read the story of the woman who placed a lamp in her window by the sea every night, and how, at last, on one very dark and stormy night, its rays guided to safety the ship upon which was her own son? It was a beautiful story, and beautifully true, also, of all who burn lamps of love. It is never labor wasted. At the time least expected it will do its work.

But to keep the lamps of love lighted will require a lot of care. The oil must be replenished. The wicks must be trimmed. The light must be guarded from the wind. They must be placed where their light will show. It is not easy to keep on loving always. It is sometimes very easy to hate. It is always easy to be careless and to forget. But it is ever our duty to keep our lamps of love lighted, so that those in darkness may see and be saved.

QUESTION BOX.

The questions in this department are answered by Rev. William I. Lawrence, unless otherwise indicated.

How can pupils be helped to self-expression? I feel the need of having my class do something.

That "there is no impression without expression" comes near the truth. We try too exclusively to put things into the mind and not enough to develop the mental power. Just what pupils can do depends upon their development and their age. In general, the little ones find all they need in the physical and vocal expression gained in marching and singing, while older pupils want activities that result in the production of what will be of use. Kindergarten methods are so widely known that the problem suggested by the question does not exist for the youngest members of the school. But what shall the larger boy or girl do? Here are a few possible occupations.

Pasting pictures; coloring pictures, especially if done with geographical or historical accuracy; filling in outline maps, tracing historic journeys and indicating important places; writing answers to questions, especially when some authority must be consulted; retelling Bible stories and restating moral or spiritual teachings; laying plans for service through the week, especially for activities calculated to improve the local health, cleanliness, or safety; the study of and reports upon existing philanthropies; abstracts of books or passages, Biblical or otherwise, made out of class and reported to it;—these and a multitude of similar activities will be found helpful in holding the attention, securing order, impressing the lessons, and developing the character.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls.

SHAKESPEARE.

Help your Superintendent.

If all the boys and girls who read this will resolve that they will help the superintendent of their Sunday school by attending regularly and as promptly as they do the day school, by taking part in the opening services, in reading and singing and joining in the responses and the prayer, by being respectful and polite to every one, by having their lessons learned, so that the teacher's work may be easier and more satisfactory, they will not only help the superintendent, but they will cultivate in themselves the qualities of a noble character.

Religion does not censure or exclude unnumbered pleasures harmlessly pursued.

COWPER.

RECREATION CORNER.

EUREKA, CAL.

*Dear Mr. Lawrence,—I am much interested in the new Sunday-school paper, *The Beacon*. There is one story I am more interested in than the rest. The name of it is "King Blue and his Island." This is the third paper, and my sister and me can hardly wait until the next Sunday comes.*

Our new church was dedicated last Sunday. Rev. N. A. Baker is our Minister. Our Sunday school opens at 10:30 A.M., and we have our services at 7:30 P.M.

Wishing you success,

I am yours respectfully,

REGINA LANE.

ENIGMA IX.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 9, 12, 11, 13, is a small fly.

My 10, 11, 12, is the past of run.

My 9, 1, 2, 2, 3, is a ravine.

My 8, 6, 11, 2, is an aquatic animal.

My 4, 11, 2, 6, is a store's reduction of prices.

My 5, 11, 2, 13, is a seasoning.

My 9, 10, 11, 7, 4, is the best food for cows.

My whole is a noted general in the Civil War.

ERNEST E. LINSERT.

NUTS TO CRACK.

1. Ancepe.

2. Ogdhutun.

3. Nomlad.

4. Tunape.

5. Zinarblut.

6. Rettuntub.

J. ALMUS RUSSELL.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE.

Who will read these passages of Scripture that have every other word omitted?

1. Like — a — pitieh — children — the Lord — them — fear —.

2. Love — the — of — law.

3. Little — love — another.

4. Love — not — own.

5. Many — called — few — chosen.

6. Narrow — the — that — unto —.

7. Now — the — time; — now — the — of —.

8. Oh — unto — Lord — new —.

9. Praise — Lord — my —.

10. Prove — things — fast — which — good.

Selected.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 7.

ENIGMA VII.—Wireless Telegraphy.

OLD PUZZLE.—Spark, park, ark.

CONUNDRUM.—Postman.

DETERMINATION PUZZLE.—Will. Willow. William. Willing. Wills.

We are very glad to announce that we have heard from the following, either by letter, answers to puzzles, or original puzzles: Regina Lane, Eureka, Cal.; Alison Douthit, Castine, Me.; J. Almus Russell, Pratt, N.H.; Norman H. McAfee, Dorchester, Mass.

One of these correspondents writes, "I have seen my cousin's name in your paper two or three times." What a pleasant experience to discover that some one we love, but living at a distance from us, is reading the very same things we are!

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